

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
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FIVE CENTS

THE CARMELITE

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GOLDEN BOUGH FACES CRISIS

Shall the Theatre of the Golden Bough close its doors for an indefinite period on September first? This question faced the members of the Theatre Guild when they met, at the Lincoln Steffens' residence, on Tuesday evening.

These are the reasons which precipitate the crisis: In a year of nation-wide financial depression, in which many theatres have found existence difficult, the Theatre of the Golden Bough is not only unable to make a profit, but even through an active summer season, cannot meet expenses. The owner of the theatre, Edward Kuster, while he is generous in his attitude and eager that the theatre should go on, is unable to carry indefinitely the financial burden of unpaid taxes and insurance, and will, if these are not paid by the first of September, be forced to close the doors.

It was the general sense of the meeting that the closing of the theatre would be a very great loss to Carmel. A committee was therefore chosen to discuss the whole situation with Mr. Kuster, on his arrival in town next week, and to make a constructive working plan. Mr. H. F. Dickinson, who heads the committee, chose as his colleagues Clara Kellogg, Martin Flavin, Eugene Watson, and Ray De Yoe.

A great deal hangs upon the decision of the coming conference. Mr. Kuster who leaves for Europe within a few weeks to make a study of modern play presentation, has offered the use of the theatre rent free if the delinquent rent is paid, and a guarantee subscription fund of three thousand dollars can be found for next summer's four plays.

The feeling of the meeting was in general admirably impersonal, with a breadth of view and freedom from tension noteworthy in the midst of a summer fraught with dramatic difficulties.

GOOD TASTE AMONG THIEVES

Burglars entered by the back door, on Tuesday evening, and discriminately robbed the Cinderella Shop, on Ocean Avenue, of gowns and wraps valued at twenty-five hundred dollars.



THE BULL FIGHT

one of the paintings now on exhibit in Carmel at the Hagemeyer studios.

BY HENRIETTA SHORE

MORNING

There is no silence lovelier than this
Where alder branches bend across the river
And yellow violets from a lingering Spring
Weighted with dew among the grasses shiver.

What little silver hoofs came down the glade
And stopped upon the margin of the water
To drink the early stars? A snow-white fawn
Leaping the hills before the morning caught her?

Speak not of peace who never saw the dawn
Blow out the million candles of the sky,
And place the last great star within the west
To light the hosts of darkness passing by.

There are no moments holier than these
When every creature pauses to take breath.
Night cannot walk upon the fields of day
Nor Life be trodden by the heels of Death.

—Dora Hagemeyer.

THE RODEO. (AS REPORTED BY MEMBERS OF THE YOUNGEST SET)

We went into Salinas and there was a rodeo and there was a band and there were lots of colours in the sky, red and yellow, and autos standing in a field and we went in and there were hot dogs and peanuts and lots and lots of people and hot dogs. It was a lovely rodeo.

There was a dog-race. Boys under sixteen ran with dogs, lots of dogs of lots of different sizes and shapes; and the dogs tumbled over one another and ran into one another and fell over one another, and the boys too; and when it was all over there were . . . hot dogs.

* * *

and there were bulls; lots of bulls and the bulls jumped up and down and the mans fell off and they put the mans on again and they fell off and then the cows danced.

* * *

And there were some girls that rode on horses and they were all dressed up lovely and they had on trousers just like boys and they had colours round their necks and they rode horses just like boys and they rode fast.

* * *

The Mathiot Boys' Camp camped on the grounds for a whole week and the dust ran in streaks down their faces. K. C. one of the boys, begged his mother for 5 bucks. "Oh mummy, let me have 5 bucks?"

"What for, buddy?" "All the fellows have five bucks if I didn't have 5 bucks I'd be the only fellow in the camp that didn't have 5 bucks."

K. got a new portfolio and his father put in a buck and his uncle put in a buck and his mother put in 5 bucks and so he had 7 bucks and that was more than any other boy had to spend at the rodeo. So his mother said "Don't spend it all on hot dogs, buddy." He said he wouldn't.

* * *

At the end of a frying hot dusty dancing bull-dogging red-and-gold-day, his mother from the grandstand saw K. with the streaks, marching across the field and nothing but a wide white toothy grin below the streaks. And on his head was a whopper of a cow-boy hat and round his neck a gorgeous red and green and yellow handkerchief and his mother said, "Why K. how much did you spend on those?" and K. said "3 bucks," and by now his mother was cleaning him off as a cat licks her kittens. And she said "and the rest?" And he said "A soda-pop." And she said "That's why your face is all streaky. And the rest?" and he said, "hot dogs."

* * *

"Mamma, I'm a boy, let me have one of those cows, and then I'll be a cow-boy."

THE CARMELITE ANNOUNCES ITS NEW TELEPHONE NUMBER which is 717.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

JULY

25 Girl Scout Little House — 2:30. Miss Yone Ima.
 25 Hagemeyer Studio — 8:30. Vahdah Kubert in a dance recital. The public invited.
 26-27 Theatre of The Golden Bough — "To The Ladies." Comedy with Morris Ankrum directing. 8:30.
 27-28 Forest Theater — "Herod." Drama of Judea under the Roman Empire. 8:15
 29 Divine Service All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.

made a liberal, an ardent believer in causes, so respected an influence with diplomats, presidents, and governments.

The audience left the room, may one say, their hearts lifted, the mood at peace, and charged with a serenity communicated them by a personality whose quality, if it pervaded the world, would make all talk of treaties, leagues, and methods toward peace, superfluous.

p. g. s.

The following laughter in verse came in unsigned to us and we print it only because it approves our policy. We must repeat, however, that we disapprove of gaiety and nonsense. It is only as a duty that we would laugh and let laugh.—The Editor.

ACROSTIC

L augh and grow human! To hell with austerity!
 I cons of gloom should be jailed with celerity!
 N ever a thing like a smile on the face of you?
 C armelites, this is the crowning disgrace of you!
 O ff with expressions grotesquely funereal!
 L augh! We abound in productive material!
 N o place but here seem the high-brows life-weary all!

S mile in your glass and repeat the experiment

T hree or four times to evolve a real merriment!

E asy to follow—this rule of the risible;

F irst thing, your Jekyll alone will be visible!

F ollow with radio Hour of Laugology!

E nd by applying the Laugher's Psychology!

N ow take a peep at your map with the charm alight!

S ay! Who the devil would think you're a Carmelite?

THE LECTURE OF JANE ADDAMS

Speaking before an audience which crowded the theatre of the Golden Bough to overflowing, aisles, doorways, and stage, Jane Addams last Sunday evening discussed Governmental Steps toward World Peace. Affection and a deep respect for this woman, who is as simple as great, pervaded the hall, and expressed itself in the introductory words of Lincoln Steffens.

Remarkable for the breadth, perspective, and moderation which explain her great value to her times, the lecture presented no "viewpoint." Miss Addams looks at her problem from the total circumference of the surrounding circle.

"After every great war," said Miss Addams, "a certain unhappiness descends upon the people. A certain stupor, a despair, a wish that such a thing shall never happen again." She cited history, from the Napoleonic to the Great War.

"Now I know quite well that to talk before an American audience about the League of Nations is rather a perilous thing." Yet Miss Addams believes, and gave her reasons for believing, that the League will be of very great value as an instrument for world peace. Something like 2642 treaties have been made by the League of Nations since the war. The United States, not a member, has made only two,—with Sweden and Liberia.

"Arbitration treaties, even when modified," said Miss Addams, "are a splendid gesture. They put these nations on record as abjuring war." To outlaw war, even though there be violations of the law, is an exceedingly important step. "Many call the League of Nations a mere debating society. But it's very fine to have a debating society like that. . . . Among many during the War there was a certain sense of shame that affairs in Europe had been so badly managed that they had gotten into war. They predict that in course of time any one thing that can be done better by the nations as a whole than by the nations separately will be done so,—the nations acting together."

"There is needed one more great effort on the part of the civilized world, as well as a great amount of discussion, before we shall be energized for the outlawry of war. In a meeting of the League of Nations one can hear national representatives state that between certain countries war can never again occur, although the causes of war still remain. But a great deal still needs to be done by way of methods which will make war impossible."

Following the lecture, Miss Addams answered questions from the audience for a half hour, with the authority that her fifty years of service to her fellow-human beings,—a service full of love and yet of complete detachment,—give her. The extreme moderation of her statements illustrate that rare tact of hers which have

Carmel News

"CASSERLY FOR CONGRESS!"

There are four women in Congress; there are four hundred and thirty-five men. Women have long inclined to the belief that they might do better a job which the men have done none too well. Women, like Jeannette Rankin, who enter Congress, are so far of high caliber. When there are more of them, child labor laws will more readily pass. (On the bench of the Supreme Court, however, are judges eighty-three years old. Again and again two dissenting voices are heard piping their minority view against the hoary antiquities of thought decisive with this venerable impediment.)

Voters of California will have an opportunity in the coming election to choose for Congress a woman of a rather fine type, Mrs. Celia Casserly. Although she is running on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets, a technicality necessitates that those voting for her be registered as Democrats. Registration closes July twenty-seventh, this Friday, for those who wish to vote at the primaries on August twenty-eighth.

Mrs. Casserly is a woman of the executive type, interested in constructive legislation, and in good governmental housekeeping. An informal meeting was called on Monday afternoon at Miss Katherine Corrigan's to meet her. The guests included Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. George Blackman and Miss Elsa Blackman, Anne Martin, Eunice Gray, and others. The general feeling of the meeting was one of endorsement, both of Mrs. Casserly's personality and the policies for which she stands.

PLAY CONTEST CLOSES THE FIRST

Many plays have been received in the contest offered by the Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough. Entries close on the first of August; choice will be made by the jury within a week; and the play will go on, August twenty-third, fourth, and fifth.

SAVED WITH SONG

Is Carmel a place of sin? If so, there is one more chance. The cohorts of Salvation arrived on Sunday evening and conducted a tuneful song service on the corner of Lincoln and Ocean. No souls were saved, but there is always hope. Come early and avoid the Judgment Day rush.

At the Carmel Mission on Sunday a special service was held for the Training Camp at Seaside. The boys came over in ten army trucks: those who hadn't the happy idea of sneaking off to the river to swim and fish formed in column and marched into the church to such appropriate chanteys as 'Dixie' and 'Yankee Doodle.'

People . . .

GUEST

Following the lecture at the Golden Bough on Sunday evening, there was a reception to Miss Addams at the home of the Lincoln Steffens'. A hundred guests or more filled the house to overflowing, and walked in the gardens, which were lantern-lit and fragrant with bloom. There was a warm softness in the air, and a sense of pervading friendship which is felt wherever Miss Addams is. The evening had more than a brilliant sparkle. It had glow.

* * * *

Thirty-seven members of the Women's International League were the guests of Mrs. Esther Teare at a luncheon in honor of Jane Addams at the Mission Tea House last Wednesday. Miss Addams spoke to the group on the recent accomplishment of the League, whose influence is distinctly increasing. The women of remote or oppressed nations frequently use it as a point of reference. Last year it sent three women as messengers of international goodwill to China. At the request of the natives of Haiti, it conducted an impartial investigation into American atrocities in that country.

Following the meeting for Miss Addams on Sunday evening at the Golden Bough, a number of women became members of the League, of which Miss Addams is international president; and others indicated their intention of joining. Eunice Gray is the secretary in Carmel, and the dues are two dollars. Two small dollars, may one add, very well invested.

* * * *

There was an evening of informal discussion of world affairs with Miss Addams on Sunday evening at the George Blackman's. Those present included the Lincoln Steffens, the Allen Griffins, from the Highlands Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, O'Shea, Martin Flavin; Anne Martin, Esther Teare, Pauline Schindler, Caroline and Elsa Blackman, Bert Heron. Always accompanying Miss Addams is her life-long friend, the Jonathan to her David, Miss Mary Rozet Smith, guarding her, with the most gracious tact, from encroachments upon her time, energies, and health, and, with an exquisite devotion, making possible great achievement in spite of a frail body.

* * * *

Rarely seeking a guest, Robinson Jeffers, poet, sought the presence in his stone house of Jane Addams, peacemaker. Such meetings have meaning—the attempt of one mind, turned inward, to meet the mind turned outward. The seeker seeks the doer. Out of their immense solitude the hawk and the sea-gull fly toward one another, touch wings, and depart.

Freedom is control of all the powers.

—John Varian.

Personal Bits . . .

SALUTE TO THE BLACKMANS

The Horton Blackmans, to whom Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman of Carmel are parents and grand parents, have returned to their home in St. Louis, copper-colored from the sunlight of the Big Sur. They are a family who know how to enjoy things. On days of grey fog at Point Lobos, they would not merely take lunch and make a few bleak remarks about how lovely it would have been if the sun were out. They climbed to the highest hilltop there; and then, scrambling down to the ocean edge, swung on a see-saw over the boiling sea-spray, pivoted on a rock; or captured a heavy bamboo pole from the tide and pole-vaulted.

And made poems and sketches and jokes, and ate great quantities of sandwiches. And generally proved that large families (now so nearly extinct as an institution) can have great and glorious and affectionate fun together.

UNHEARD, UNSUNG BUT NOT UNSEEN

One Committee works on beautifying Carmel. One Committee works on the abolition of advertisements. And the City Planners we have always with us. And still beauty comes to Carmel, unasked, unsponsored by Committees, unadvertised. As you drive down the hill into Ocean Avenue, if you have time to look up from wondering whether that smell of burning rubber is from your own brakes or the car's behind you, look to the right, about the middle of the hill, and you will see a dahlia garden with flowers of every colour, shape and size blooming their heads off. We thought it was a new nursery, and we went to enquire if we could buy some blooms.

"You can't buy them" muttered their owner, "but you can have some if you want them." And we looked up and lo! it was Jack Belvail, chief electrician at Reardon's, and he had planted his dahlia garden "just because I had the land, and one day I didn't have anything to do so I stuck a lot of dahlias in."

AU VOIR

Last week we came upon her with a tear in her eye; but this week she walks with an ecstatic step. Pauline Newman is leaving on the fourth of August for Europe and parts unknown.

The quality of her music teaching, in her two years at the Sunset School, will be difficult to duplicate; for musicianship such as Miss Newman's is rare among school teachers. Both artistry and depth of feeling have marked her work, and been communicated to the children.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.

—Duke of Wellington.

The Theatre . . .

THE BARKER, A FINE PLAY FINELY BROUGHT TO LIFE

One wishes that Kenyon Nicholson might have been in Carmel last week to see the production, sensitive to almost every value, given his play at the Carmel Playhouse by George Ball and his players. Speaking as one who has seen both the New York and the Los Angeles productions, we can sincerely say that this proved in several respects superior to both.

Of all the plays dealing with show-folk of any strata, none has registered better than *The Barker* the temptation to sentimentalize rather than to humanize the troubadour. In the magnetic person of George Schmitz, the Barker became convincingly human. This is by far the best of the Nifties we have seen, with his poignantly rough tenderness, and fine, full-throated heartiness.

Francis Whitaker, as the short-changing, devil-may-care ticket-seller, did the best work we have yet seen him do. Hans Ankersmit and George Rose made the most of T-Bone and Pop Morgan, and A. V. Uzzell did an outstanding bit as the short-changed town councillor.

To the exacting role of the hula-dancer, Nifty's castoff mistress, Louise Greatwood brought a natural grace enhanced by fine dramatic talent. As the show-owner, George Ball gave a suave performance, full of nicely-thought-out nuances. But the surprise of the evening, to at least one of the enthusiastic audience, was Sally Maxwell's complete metamorphosis into Lou, the super-hard-boiled snake-charmer.

As Sailor West, the tattoo artist, Jack Mulghardt contributed superb comedy work. Allen Habberly's Chris Miller was youthful idealism personified.

To her notable gallery of stage portraits Louise Walcott made another fine addition in Maw Benson, whose every tone spoke the sordid tragedy of approaching age without a home. Another surprise was the newly revealed dramatic flare of "Les" Le Cron in the part of Doc Rice. Hildreth Masten put the dash and verve of a personality into the part of Cleo. Hallie and Chuc Chadsey, Sue Parker, Mary Marble, and many others did excellent teamwork as the carnival crowd, while the Hawaiian orchestra supplied authentic tent-show atmosphere.

Rhoda Johnson's settings, combined with the striking banners of Paul Whitman, Stanley Wood, and Homer Levinson, added much to delight even the most exacting author.

—Neville Brush.

Slow on your dials, the shadows creep,
So many hours for food and sleep,
So many hours till study tire,
So many hours for heart's desire.

—Robert Bridges.

IMPRESSIONS OF HEROD UNDER REHEARSAL

Warm scenes on a cold night. A bronze young god in golf trousers and a sweater. A finished speech on unfinished stairs. Age-old wisdom in the garb of youth. Two figures white against the blackness of the night. Pine trees, silent spectators, stretching their bodies upward and joining hands to form a protecting half circle. A faint fog of tragedy seeping into the atmosphere. Trembling feet on stilted balconies. Deep voices, harsh notes, wild cries. A blanket of darkness embroidered with the silver sweetness of a woman's voice and spotted here and there by the red madness of a lusty cry. Sentinels bouncing across the back of the stage clad in white flannels and carrying make-believe swords—The army, both of them, leaning against a trembling wall smoking its periodic cigarettes.

A voice off stage: May I be the third crash? What, ho! the queen falls. Black Jack. A lost soul in a brown sweater fades into the pine trees. Something impressive. A tall young goddess with youth and beauty about her as a cloak digs into the past thousand years and lives again a life of bitter-sweetness with a fine understanding. Silence and the broken cry of a lover calling—calling—but the spell is broken. Captains one and two cannot be found. Military discipline is strangely lacking. People seem to love to walk up and down unfinished stairs. Such opportunities for striking poses. A sudden thrill as young King Herod walks into your life—a dull swift loneliness as Mariamne now departs. Carefully guided by skilled hands the players weave before your eyes a silken cobweb whose very threads are love. It stands a perfect thing only to end in a sudden wind of hate, distrust and death.

—Ester Gilberti.

STEP SOFTLY!

The Carmel Playhouse is being carefully guarded this week, in fact, it will be made practically sound and light proof, and no one excepting the cast of the "13th Chair" will be allowed to enter the theatre between now and August 2.

The "13th Chair" is the first pure mystery play presented in Carmel in about three years. It was written by Bayard Veiller, author of the current success, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and is declared to be one of the profoundest mystery themes ever woven.

With the announcement that Alice MacGowan, writer of mystery plays with Perry Newberry, would return to the local amateur stage to play in the "13th Chair," at the special request of the Abalone League, the mystery play is especially being looked forward to.

VIOLA WORDEN IN HEROD

Viola Worden is dancing in Herod, this week at the Forest Theater, a dance taught her by a native Arabian. Eddie O'Brien, who has lived in Algiers, will accompany her by humming a native Arabian melody to the tom-tom.

THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Presents

"TO THE LADIES"

COMEDY

Directed by Morris Ankrum

THURS. FRI. SAT.

JULY 26, 27, 28

8:30 P. M.

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

July 29, 30: "Topsy and Eva," Motion Picture

Aug. 10, 11: Perry Dilley's Puppets

Aug. 23, 24, 25: Prize Manuscript Play

GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

Telephone MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, July 25

BILLIE D'OLVE

"The Heart of a Folles Girl"

Thursday and Friday July 26-27

D. W. GRIFFITH

presents
"DRUMS OF LOVE"

Saturday, July 28

ROD LA ROCQUE

in "STAND AND DELIVER"
At the matinee for the children
Specialty Novelty "Pony Races"
You may win a prize

Sunday, July 29

"WALKING BACK"

with SUE CAROL

Monday and Tuesday, July 30-31

"A SHIP COMES IN"

with RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT
LOUISE DRESSER and
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E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

announcing DANCE-PLAY CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

on the beach mornings 9 to 12

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interpretive dancer

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The Theatre . . .

ELSA NAESS IN RECITAL

Playing before three audiences within thirty hours, Elsa Naess at the Theatre of the Golden Bough and at the Hagemeyer studio this week, presented piano music of Norway with the shy charm essential to its folk quality.

From the simple song to the sprightly holiday dance, these have in common the cool clarity of the Norwegian landscape, and the naivete of its people.

To the folk items on the program, Miss Naess added several brilliant numbers, including the Polichinelle of Rachmaninoff. She plays with confidence, sparkle, and poise.

PERRY DILLEY'S COMING

In San Francisco, if on your way up Telegraph Hill to the Tavern, you stop at Blanding Sloan's Very Little Theatre, you may happen upon an evening of a Puppet Show. Here you'll find grown-ups playing with dolls upon a tiny, tiny stage, and improvising, upon the bare skeleton of a plot, spontaneous lines with all the freshness of children. Upon the hard benches of the darkened little room, more grown-ups sit to watch the play, fascinated. And rumor has it that they are either going to play, or have recently played, *The Emperor Jones*!

Another group of puppeteers will soon appear in Carmel, Perry Dilley's. We have seen them in the south, at the university, playing the very plays they will bring here to the Golden Bough, "Red Riding Hood," and "Boiled Celery." Afterwards a flock of students crowded about the little stage, to explore the puppets. For in the dark of the stage, there is no scale of size to judge them by, and one is doubtful whether they are ten feet or ten inches tall.

Dilley's puppets are about 20 inches high and the heads and hands are carved of wood and skillfully painted. The costumes and scenery are brightly colored and designed in imaginative style. The work of rehearsal, in which the tiny actors are made to "talk" and act in a natural fashion in the unfoldment of a story, involves several arduous months. Mr. Dilley and his assistant have at their command more than 20 "voices" for the different characters in their company.

In any case life is but a procession of shadows, and God knows why it is we embrace them so eagerly, and see them depart with such anguish, being shadows.

—Virginia Woolf.

"TO THE LADIES!"

Two years ago packed houses laughed at the fun and wit of "Dulcy." Again there is a chance to laugh more than ever, for Morris Ankrum is preparing "To The

Ladies," a comedy more sparkling than "Dulcy," written by the same brilliant two—Kaufman and Connolly.

Houghton Furlong is playing Leonard Beebe, the young American business man on his way toward promotion, and he has never done a finer piece of work. Young Furlong played the same part under Raffetto in the University of California Little Theatre last winter, and gained quite a reputation from it. Those who enjoyed the charm of his acting in "The Importance of Being Earnest" will doubly enjoy him as Leonard. Emily Lowry, who is spending the summer in Carmel, is playing opposite Furlong in the part of Elsie Beebe. Miss Lowry is a splendid actress, who has just played the leading feminine role in "Arms and The Man" in Berkeley.

"To The Ladies" is one of the most pointed and gay satires written in America. It deals with the attempt of Leonard Beebe to realize a rapid fortune through investments in grapefruit farms in Florida, and the study of "Success" stories and "Know Thyself" advertisements. The banquet scene of the business men of Nutley, New Jersey, in which Leonard tries to make Speech No. 47 out of the Manual of Speechmaking, and his competitor gives it first, is one of the most deliciously funny scenes in modern comedies.

Tom Fisher as the head of the Kincaid Piano Firm, Hally Chadsey as Mrs. Kincaid, P. J. McGrath, David Cooke, Guy Koopp, William Titmas and Tommi Thomson do splendid work in their different characters.

MIS-PRINT INITIATES PARTY

A newspaper item had anticipated by a week the story-telling hour at the library for the children. What to do? The children would be there a week ahead of time, their ears all pricking up for fairy tales. Mrs. Ethel Stevens, the teller of tales, took pity on their disappointment, and went over to the library.

There they were, a dozen of them, ready and eager.

Mrs. Stevens captured them in the magic net of the story, told them poems she had written, and they departed happy. She will meet them again, as was originally planned, this Friday in the library at four.

Besides being a writer of children's verse, Mrs. Stevens is a painter of water colors and a competent violinist.

Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who writes the Editorial on Mexican affairs this week, is particularly well qualified to write on Mexico. He lived there for some years, went through the Revolution, and was the intimate friend of many of the revolutionary leaders, Carranza, Calles, Morones and Obregon. He traveled on Carranza's train while the present Constitution of Mexico was being drawn up, and the famous Article 33 has often been attributed to him.

Science . . .

WHAT CHROMOSOMES DO

Belief in the inheritance of acquired characters rests on an old conception of heredity in accordance with which the reproductive cells were the products of particles that came from the various parts of the body and that were transmitted through the blood stream. It was supposed that there were particles of a particular kind each from the muscles, nerves, etc. The reproductive cells were conceived of as a sort of little house of representatives. If for example the muscles of a person had been well developed by exercise the muscle particles would on this view be well represented in the reproductive cells and the offspring would be born with better muscular development than if the parent had not developed his muscles. In brief, the material from which the next generation developed, the germ plasm, was regarded as a product of the body (the soma).

According to the more modern view of heredity, the chromosomes and the genes contained within them are the material basis of inheritance and constitute the germ plasm. The chromosomes are contained within all cells of the body including the reproductive organs. They originate in just one way: by the growth and division of pre-existing chromosomes, a process which takes place when a cell divides and forms new cells. All the chromosomes of the body are descended in this way from those of the fertilized egg, the cell with which the individual begins his development. The chromosomes of the fertilized egg, in turn, are derived from the reproductive cells that produced it, the egg of the mother, and the sperm cell of the father.

The fact that the chromosomes are the material basis of heredity makes an inheritance of acquired characters practically impossible. The hereditary particles (the genes) are not built up in each generation by the body and sent to the reproductive cells, as the older concept had it, but they are continuous with each other from one generation to the next through the processes of heredity and reproduction. By heredity, they are transmitted to us from our parents; by growth and reproduction they increase in numbers and populate all the cells of our body as we develop. The most peculiar thing about a gene is that it can reproduce. It can make two genes, each exactly like itself, through the process of growth and division. It does not as a rule change from one generation to the next.

—Edgar Altenberg in "How We Inherit" (Holt).

—From Science News Service.

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus. Men are unwise and curiously planned.

—James Elroy Flecker, "Hassan."

THE CARMELITE

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CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

THE PREDICAMENT OF CALLES

The assassination of president-elect Obregon puts up to President Calles of Mexico a very pretty, practical problem, which will be hard for him, a liberal theorist, to solve; and interesting for American theoretical liberals to consider with him.

Calles and Obregon had agreed between themselves and their overlapping factions to alternate in the presidency and so maintain a continuous dictatorship and a permanent policy: "Mexico for the Mexican people." This arrangement was necessary to get around a constitutional provision forbidding a two-term presidency. And this limitation was adopted to prevent another such dictatorship as that of old Porfirio Diaz. Obregon and Calles were both leaders in the Revolution and, afterwards, in the councils which produced the revolutionary Carranzista constitution.

They believed, like liberals, that a dictatorship was bad, absolutely. They believed, like liberals, that you can defeat an evil by passing a law. They did not seek and deal with the causes of the evils of a dictatorship; they simply drew up on a scrap of paper an unchangeable law against any dictatorship.

When Obregon became president he discovered that he was and had to be a dictator. Some natural law decided that, and it was all right with him and with Mexico during his term. He found also, what all revolutionaries and reformers find, that there were very few men available in a new government for the slow, detailed working-out of a consistent policy of reconstruction on an unfamiliar economic foundation. There was no man to succeed him that was sure of election. He was urged, therefore, and he was tempted to ignore the law and use force if necessary to re-elect himself. He hesitated; and, as time went on, he and his

cabinet realized that there was one man among them who not only understood their plans—Calles, the secretary of war, had done as much to formulate and execute the new policy as all of them put together. He was unselfish, loyal, very able, and he really controlled the army which might, in an emergency, decide the election.

Obregon agreed to let Calles, and no one else, be elected President on the understanding that Calles would let Obregon and no one else, succeed him next time; which is now, this year. And the agreement had been kept, at the cost of some fighting and killings, faithfully. General Obregon was celebrating his second election to the Dictatorship at the banquet where he was shot. Calles was getting ready to surrender it and wait for Obregon to fill his second term when Calles would again be elected; he and no one else.

Now these men were tried men of honor in Mexico where honor is a precious virtue as honesty is in the United States; and for the same reason. It is rare. There is probably no third man that could be trusted to carry out such a long-drawn-out private bargain and public policy. The temptations to hold on to power and sell out to American capitalists are well-nigh irresistible.

And by that same token, the bargain and the new Mexican policy are undoubtedly in the interest of the Mexican people; not in the special interest of the church people, not in the special interest of the American and other foreign business men. The actual Mexican government is built upon the loyalty and represents the interests of organized labor, the small farmers, and the army which is composed of the youth and the Indians of Mexico. But this revolutionary government, though strong and willful is patient, tactful and strong with its enemies when those enemies are patient, polite and strong with Mexico.

Calles and Obregon (like the dual kings of old Greece) personified and insured the most democratic, independent and economically intelligent government in Latin America. They should have chosen and trained up a third man as an understudy.

But, let us assume, as is likely, that, because of their faith in each other, Calles and Obregon did not prepare specifically for the present emergency. Then Calles has to decide whether he should not disregard the constitution, remain in the Presidency, maintain the dictatorship and solidify the conquests of the Mexican Revolution.

And we, his fellow liberals, should watch him, as scientists watch an experiment in a laboratory, holding in suspense our theories, first, as to the comparative values of a political democracy founded upon an economic plutocracy, vs. a political dictatorship building an approximate economic democracy; and second, as to the relative force of a theoretical law and an actual emergency. We might arrive with Calles

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at the conclusion that a governor should be governed by circumstances rather than by principles, however liberal.

No? Well, then, we must be more scientific in the matter of principles, and less moral. Foreigners in Mexico and Mexicans in Wall Street are for principles in this matter of the Mexican emergency.

There is no more right and wrong in politics than there is in a labor strike. There is only the conflict of interests and forces.

Principles are formulated on prophesies, and there are no prophets among men: there are only guessers, believers, and experimenters.

When the American government is corrupted it is made to represent corrupting Americans. It is still an American government. When a Mexican President is corrupted it is by American corrupters and so, the Mexican government comes to represent foreign instead of the Mexican people.

Empire proceeds in these enlightened days, not so much by conquests at arms, as by bribery, loans, and business.

If the United States crosses the Rio Grande it will go to Cape Horn. The Panama Canal may delay, it will not stop us.

Lincoln Steffens

Correspondence

To the Editor:

What a lot of breath is being wasted in Carmel over the question of the Eucalyptus trees on San Antonio between Ocean Avenue and the toll-gate! On the rare occasions when a branch does fall there is just about one chance in a million that somebody will be right in its path ready and waiting to be beamed by the only part of it that might cause injury. All over the world there are trees over-hanging much-traveled highways. Branches drop from them once in a while. Did you ever in your life hear of a traveler being injured by one of them?

If any Carmelite actually is so morbidly timid that he is fearful of being struck by a limb from one of those Eucalyptus trees just let him remember that when passing beneath them all he has to do to be safe is to look up. A branch doesn't break off and fall to the ground instantly; it takes an appreciable time, plenty to let a pedestrian or motorist get out of its way. The pedestrian and motorist take thousands of times as many chances every time they cross a street.

And if you do happen to run across anyone who is so abnormal as to be fearful of a possible falling branch just reassure him by explaining that his skull is too thick to be dented by one of 'em.

C. F.

Poems . . .

DREAM

Until she sleeps
Soundlessly the jasmine-flower
Her vigil keeps.
The tender moon
Into the twilight creeps
To shine upon a brown bird's wing
Lest he should sing, should sing!
She sleeps.
I fold her, till her breast
Breathes with mine own, in rest.
Into the jasmine flower
A frail wind creeps,
And still she sleeps, she sleeps.
The pale moon, fluttering
Shakes in her primrose wing
Soft! Soft! A brown bird carolling!
O fall of flower spray, O song
Of brown bird through the dark night
long
O tremor of the stars and moon
I wake— . . . so soon, so soon!
And all along the paths of sleep again
I call dream back. In vain. In vain.
Till musingly the drooping moon
Shadows the path prints of Dream's sil-
ver shoon.

—Ena V. Limebeer.

* * * *

There is a world in one of the far-off stars, and things do not happen there as they happen here.

In that world were a man and a woman, they had one work, and they walked together on many days, and were friends—and that is a thing that happens now and then in this world too.

—Olive Schreiner.

* * * *

Could mortal lip divine
The undeveloped freight
Of a delivered syllable,
Twould crumble with the weight.

—Emily Dickinson.

* * * *

Let me write him as one who loves his fellow words. For words are our fellows: they are crystallizations of human experience. Words next to men and women and children are the most vital things on earth. Every word is a gramophone-note from tongues that have ceased utterance.

* * * *

THE ANSWER

I was alone at last with God
And I spoke to him face to face:
"Why have you set a curse
"A curse on the black man's race?
"Why must he carry the cross
"Why must he kiss the rod?
"Answer me here and now!"
Thus did I speak with God.
God answered me not at all.
I waited for him to smite.
The silence was worse than speech—
Then I saw that God was white.

—Ruth Loomis Skeen.

Music . . .

COPELAND

Last Friday evening in the Hollywood Bowl, before an audience of seventeen thousand people, Aaron Copeland played his new piano concerto. It excited the audience so much that four fifths of them made it almost impossible for the concerto to be heard,—a reaction familiar to those who know the history of music. (Wherever disapproval is most violent, watch for the leadership of the future!)

Copeland stopped at Carmel, with his friend Henry Cowell, on their way north; and late on Sunday evening, at the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, he played his concerto,—or the piano score of it,—before a puzzled audience. The event is important in Carmel, because we are here building up a concert audience of discrimination and ability to respond. Artists enjoy giving recitals here, because there is a chance of their being understood. If it had not been for this year's earlier recitals by Weiss Haus, Buhlig, Rudhyar, and Cowell, we should certainly not now be ready to listen to the piano music of Copeland.

We present here a slight critical analysis of his music because it provides the next step in our experience of contemporary art expression, and because it is in itself important.

It is important not so much as the personal expression of one Aaron Copeland, of musical renown in New York, but because it is symptomatic of our times. (The paintings of Stanley Wood are also interesting as symptoms.) Copeland uses the subject matter of jazz music, and condensing it under high pressure he subjects it to rhythms so jagged, so incisive, so aggressive, that it becomes a caricature of the life of our American cities,—nervous, irrelevant, and pitched

almost to a scream. The music has an ironical angularity, a gracelessness, a concern with the avoidance of sentimentality which intellectualizes every emotion and (may one say?) successfully strangles it in the cradle.

This does not mean that the music fails to excite emotion. It is extremely exciting music. Like the work of Varese, whose audiences become almost hysterical, Copeland's concerto probably increases vascular tension within the body, and accelerates its tempo.

Why our modern arts choose to do this, would be supremely interesting to understand. Copeland is probably not much concerned with "beauty." One after another, artists are telling us that loveliness is no longer relevant. (Cowell said that the requirement that music be totally pleasing was like asking that a meal be all dessert. There must be real nourishment beside.)

Probably the important thing about the music of the moderns (as of any time) is that it is life speaking,—or, in the case of Copeland, it is city life speaking. Copeland does not by any act of the will CHOOSE to write this music. It chooses him. Something in him requires that it be written. A composer is simply an instrument played upon by forces outside himself, as though some Speaker were trying to knock upon the consciousness of man and say something to him.

It is partly for this reason that it does not matter whether or not this music is pleasant. All of the arts are tending to become less "pleasant." If one looks about upon contemporary art,—painting, sculpture, music and the behavior of modern life,—and observes that all over the planet the same utterance is being made independently of influences and imitations,—it becomes certain that something definite and specific is trying to say itself to us, become intelligible to us.

It is because Copeland is a part of this utterance, that his music is important.

—pauline g. schindler.



Peter's Paragraphs

No art but dancing could express a child or a primitive. They see things in motion. The cave painters drew their horses and their deer on the run. So do untaught children. Grown-ups and cultured folk stop life to make art, and to see the truth. Maybe that's why we miss the True and the Beautiful. Photography may catch them. The movies show life on the run, and the children of men go to see it so.

* * * *

But the movie is not yet an art, and with the millions it has to suit, it cannot become an art without taking the whole world up with it. It cannot leave men behind as some of the arts have had to do. Painting, for example. Music has the gramophone to carry the crowds along and the music machine has already done for music what chromos did for pictorial art; what the radio is doing for oratory. The victrola has knocked out some of the worst of the most popular operas.

* * * *

Mass production is good for bad art. It gives up enough of it. The machine may be a blessing to the fine arts; bringing them an audience sated with sweet-ness.

* * * *

Albert Rhys Williams was talking about Russia the other day and somehow, as he talked, one mind wandered till it came to the thought that the Russians have discovered and shown, somehow, that, when the incentive of profit is taken away, there still is effort and ambition. Vanity, the wish to hold high places, and the art impulse, to do hard jobs well, remain, and seem to be sufficient to drive men to effort.

* * * *

An American captain of industry, reported to be worth two hundred millions, was thinking out loud about making a fight that might cost him his fortune, for the mastery of his competitors and the combination of all the business in his line, under his control. As his words fell and his partners argued against him, it appeared that vanity and the wish to run his industry well drove this man; and that money, properly, was but the sign of his success, the score.

* * * *

Art impulses are common in men; it is the conditions of our civilization that suppress them and cultivate and make apparent the motive of gain.

* * * *

Americans care less about dollars than the thrifty old Europeans. This observation prompted an old Swede on board ship, hearing Americans called "dollar-chasers," to remark: "I cannot say that I have seen a dollar go so very much unchased in Europe."

* * * *

A Christian Scientist was asked why it

was that after practitioners had been "in Science" long, they seemed to lose some or all of their power to heal. "It's because in the white heat of their conversion they really believe in the spirit of their creed," he answered; "When they have been in longer the warm enthusiasm turns to cold dogma, and anything organized reduces the spirit to the letter."

THE ETHICS OF GARDENING

A gardener, told to thin out cabbages, was found pulling out all the big ones and leaving in the little ones. Asked why, he replied that he wanted to give the little ones a chance. "Well," said his mistress, "that's good ethics, even if its bad gardening."

"Madam," replied the gardener gravely, "If it's bad gardening its bad ethics."

FOR THE CHILDREN

At the Library the Children's Room has been opened. At small tables, on bright, light little chairs, the children may now turn over the pages of St. Nicholas or John Martin's Magazine, free from the restraint of critical elders.

The Youngest Set

It is not only the poets and painters of Carmel who are experiencing triumphs in crashing the gates of National galleries and having books of poems published. A member of the Youngest Set recently unbuttoned a button, all by himself, and a decoration of the Victoria Cross could not have sent him skyrocketing higher.

* * * *

More language innovations of the Youngest Set:

On a windy day: "It's winding at the window."

On being refused a request for an outing: "I'm so prised I'm not going: not to you I am, to me!"

On seeing a very full load of hay: "It's more than a load—it's a BUNGALOAD."

On seeing a yawn: "Stop getting tired!"

On seeing the Yosemite fire-fall: "I do just really like that!"

After having the Carmel fog carefully and scientifically explained, as a mist that comes off the water etc., "Yes, and yesterday we mist the 'bus!"

* * * *

Philip MacDougal was invited recently to a party at Martin Flavin's. Four boys and girls had been asked; but unfortunately Martin has an elder sister, and several times when one has been in recently, nothing but little girls have met one's disgusted eye.

On this day it happened that when Philip came in, the boys were all in the garden with their host, and three little girls were parked neatly and stiffly in a row on the sofa.

Philip gave them one glowering look.

"Just as I expected," he muttered.

* * * *

Clothes come into the Youngest Set's sphere of scrutiny, as well as language, these critical days of freedom. One child's mother once had occasion to trim a hat with a rose, although usually she wore simple and severer head-gear. Her critical son of six was watching.

"Don't wear that hat!" he begged, "it makes you look like a lady."

"Why, Dan, what should I look like?"

"A woman."

"What's the difference, Dan, between a lady and a woman?"

After some hesitation: "Why, a lady doesn't have any children; don't you tell anyone when you go out that you've a little boy at home?"

* * * *

For some slight misdeed Mother had smacked Fanny's fingers.

Fanny cried, then sobbed, then wept and wept as if she would never get over it.

Mother was perturbed. "But, Fanny, darling, what's the matter? I didn't hurt you as much as that; why are you crying so? I didn't hurt your fingers!"

"It isn't my f-f-fingers you hurt," sobbed the four-year-old, "It's my f-f-f feelings!"

* * * *

Hughie Dormody, (4) found it inconsistent with his dignity to attend a nursery school. So he refused to go. The strike went on for some weeks. It was called a kindergarten, a play place, a school—to no purpose. Hugh was too old for such child's play.

After two months of having him on her hands at home his mother in hopeless desperation asked "Hughie, will you go to High School?" "Oh, yes" said Hugh.

Hugh now attends "high school" with pupils from the ages of two to seven.

* * * *

Karl Doelter, Pop Ernest's eldest son, now has sixteen pupils for his swimming lessons at Del Monte. If your small son dives into your anatomy in bed, swims in pools made by the garden hose, and generally turns the garden and house into a Roman Plunge, file complaints with Karl.

The pupils to date are: Helen and Julian the world, unabashed and uninhibited, Burnett, Pete Steffens, Mark Schindler, Peter Breinig, Enos Silva, Felice Wyckoff, Natalie Hatton, Mary Riley, Tommy and Laddie Hudson, John Sands, Steuart and Anne Martin, Katherine Sandholdt, and some older brothers and sisters of the above who do not wish to be outdone, but have no place in this column.

Romance and adventure are not yet dead. Nine boys and young men, headed by the son of Lewis Iselin, have started from New York on a three months cruise about the Azores to look for Plato's Lost Atlantis.

But Babylon has taken wings

While we are in the calm and proud Possession of eternal things.

—AE.

A GOOD MAN'S STORY
OF HIS BAD BOYHOOD

Last week Peter's Paragraphs contained a statement about criminals, and the following letter was received from one of our readers, a successful and respected scientist:

Dear Peter,

You say, "If we could abolish the word 'criminal' we might be able to deal with the problem of crime."

Why not go further and abolish the word "penitentiary"? Call it a hospital; segregate your patients according to the neurosis and give treatment accordingly. Speaking of crime, I wonder how many 'normal' people realize how dangerously near to being 'criminals' we all are. It is conceded by modern psychoanalysts that we are all potential neurotics. Under ordinary circumstances we keep the proper balance between our acts and our social environment but all the time there are goings-on in the subconscious, which if translated into action would bring us into conflict with established order. Through habit and adjustment we keep 'normal.' Given a crisis in our emotional lives and many of us would tip the balance. Granted that many acts of crime are due to a compulsion neurosis are we not also potential criminals? In the course of our development we have reached an adjustment to environment which keeps us out of jail.

In childhood many of us, especially boys, were actually criminals. Rake your memory and see if you can dig up some of the aberrations. Here are some of my own "criminal" acts I can recall. I remember taking another boy's Sunday school collection money when he was not looking and buying candy on the way home. Another time I would exchange my nickel for pennies and drop one of the latter into the collection box, keeping the rest for myself. I raised the grades on my report card to read "90 per cent" instead of "60" (the germ of forgery). I forged my mother's handwriting and signature to notes to my teacher, excusing me from attendance on account of sickness. I was detected and punished but repeated the offence. I exploded fire-crackers under a Chinaman's laundry horse to make him run away. I snatched cigars from my father's box. With another boy I set fire to a perfectly good barn to see the spectacle. I settled all disputes with other boys by a fight to the finish with bare fists and came home many a time with both eyes blackened and swollen so I could scarcely see; only to receive further punishment from father's heavy cane. I gave vent to a boundless imagination by fabricating stories of dare-devil exploits in which I emerged a hero. These stories must have lacked verisimilitude for they were met with derision. But I told many and established a reputation as a liar. I gloried in defying authority, "getting by" and in making a "get-away." I was aided and abetted in the downward course by my accepted reputation of "bad-boy,"

"hopeless," "incurable." The vicious acts and pastimes became more and more established into habits and I am firmly convinced would have led to an adult life of crime had it not been for one thing.

By the age of thirteen I had acquired such notoriety that no one believed any good was in me. Ergo, I would be bad. Finally something happened to change my bent. A certain teacher whom I despised and for whom I delighted in making life miserable, passed me on to the next grade; not for merit on my part but to unburden herself from the care of such a wretch. She had first failed to have me permanently expelled from school. My first reaction to the new teacher, Miss C— was one of suspicion. Suspicion of everything in authority had become a habit. So I held Miss C— suspect and "sized her up" on entering her class, the sixth grade. On the first day she called me aside and said she wanted to have a talk with me. I wondered what in hell I had done or was about to be blamed for now. (My bad reputation had brought me many punishments for acts of which I was innocent.) Once alone, to my amazement, she approached me with a winning smile and said, "R—, I have heard very bad reports about you. You have a very bad reputation in the school. I've been watching you for some time, and I am convinced that you are not really a bad boy at all. There is a lot of good in you; more good than bad. I've watched you play with other boys. You always play fair and never cheat in the games. You like to fight but I've noticed that you never pick on a boy smaller than yourself, and you always stick up for the smaller boys. Now, R—, that's a fine spirit and it shows there's a lot of good in you that people don't appreciate. From now on, while you are in my class you and I are going to be friends and we'll show the whole school they have been mistaken about you. What do you say, R—?" Say! I couldn't say a thing. I choked. There was a lump in my throat as big as an orange and tears came streaming down my face. No one had ever talked to me that way before. I had never shed a tear under the severest thrashing by the burly principal but now I just blubbered. I stuck out my hand and said to myself, "It's a go." The rest was easy. I set out to "show 'em," and show them I did. In those days we received a report card every month with grades in each subject and were given a ranking according to the average in all the subjects. At the end of the month my report card came in and I was ranked 1, first in the class of sixty. For the previous two years I had never been better than lowest in the class. I ran the whole ten blocks home from school and showed the card to my mother. She had not always understood me. I was tenth among twelve children and sort of lost in the pack. When she saw the card tears came to her eyes and she drew me to her breast. It was the first time I had been kissed for years. She never quite knew

what had come over me. I did not want to talk about it and I hated to be called "good." I was just "showing 'em."

Miss C— encouraged me to read good books and helped me to make selections from the school library. I became an avid reader and in addition to the regular school text books I read two or three library books a week. I was even chided on becoming a "book-worm." I was again fortunate in my teacher the following year and from then on through school never failed to make first in the class. I had lost three years in the lower grades on account of my bad behavior and want of application, but by the time I finished grammar school I had made up one year and later completed the four year high school course in three. I did not become a goody-goody nor was my behavior without a few slips. Once, after the "turn to the right," all dressed up on my way to Sunday school I was "guyed" by a gang of rough-neck boys who called me "goody-goody." I paid no attention until one of them let fly an apple core which hit my younger brother who was with me, on his white starched Fauntleroy collar. This was too much. I heeled about and lit into the leader with a right from the shoulder which floored him. The rest of the gang were agape at the suddenness of the knockout and showed no willingness to continue the fight so I proceeded to Sunday school and was never again called "goody-goody."

This little story of my own experience illustrates how a seemingly trivial incident may turn the whole course of a life. Given another teacher like the one I had in the fifth grade who aroused only hatred in me and I firmly believe that habits of wrong doing and a contempt for all order and authority would have become so fixed in me as to lead to a career of crime. I have just read the book, "You Can't Win," by an ex-convict who came back. If that man had had, at the age of twelve or thirteen, a mentor like Miss C—, who had some faith in his better self and gave this better side praise and encouragement, he would not have spent thirty years in crime and the penitentiary before the right-about-face. His final turning was also due to another's belief in his better self in the person of an understanding friend, Fremont Older, together with an accidental access to a library of good books.

So in our effort to understand crime, let us not neglect the individual case history. Let us subject the childhood period of the "patient" to a rigid analysis as to outside influences and personal contacts and I feel sure we shall find the clue to many warped lives whose aberrant acts of adult life seem inexplicable.

Individuality is that which separates you from the world. Love is that which unites you with it. The stronger the individuality, the more urgently it requires love.

—Walter Rathenau.



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THE CARMELITE, July 25, 1928

REVOLUTIONARY DRAMA

The "Saturday Review of Literature" recently had an article on the Red Theatre, giving so vivid a picture of the changes in drama which a new spirit in a country can evoke, that it deserves quotation in this town of live interest in drama:

"The Revolution ripped the Russian stage wide open. It gave drama on its own terms. Tear down the curtain—no more lurking behind curtains in life or in art. Out with the silly row of lights dividing us—we are no longer amusers and amused. Board up the orchestra—when we want music we'll have it, but not in a row between actors and audience, not in a pit covered with evergreen. . . .

"The crowd pouring night after night into Meierhold's Theatre is the most alive audience. . . . It is full-blooded, vigorous, coarse, rough, careless in dress and manner, laughing, jostling, talking, shouting approval or disapproval. . . . It is impossible to tell where audience leaves off and drama begins. . . ."

The stage is not a fabric stage. . . . No curtains of velvet. . . . No curtains of silk. . . . no interior decoration, no "gowns by X, gloves by Y, wraps by Z. The shoes worn by Miss. . . . in act III by —;" In Meierhold's theatre the shoes, if any, are worn by the actors—that is all we know and all we need to know.

"But on so vast a stage, undecorated and undraped, men and women are but pygmy figures? Very well. Toss steel girders to the height of it. Fling steps across the length of it. Throw a bridge across the width of it. Give the actor swings, bars, seesaws to meet the mood of the play." The writer's Russian companion holds forth about art in the Intermission:

"'Art should not be propaganda' he says scornfully. 'Who decides what art shall and shall not be? The rule about propaganda in art is a silliness made up by those who have no ideas. Art may do anything it is strong enough to do. . . . If a man has a belief burning him and the belief comes out in a painting or a play, it will burn others, too.'

"Countless performances are being staged throughout Russia. For this new theatre, born of Revolution, has within ten years leaped into astounding life. In 1914 there were in all Russia 210 theaters. In 1920 there were 2197 subsidized theaters, 268 theaters in popular institutions, 3452 active theatrical organizations in villages—6000 in all. Said Lunacharsky: . . . "New theatres spring up by the hundred every week. There are more in one Volga district than in all of France. No school, factory, prison, (emphasis ours) village, is without its theatre. . . ."

This theatre, which is to train a social order, is not interested in individual problems. What does the man making a new world care for the little personal love or hate or struggle of some insignificant person? He is concerned with the social struggle. If the old stage forms, painted scenery, built sets, drapes, remain, the

spectator will interpret the play as he used to in the pre-revolutionary theatre. He will see, by habit, an individual conflict, where the revolutionary stage wishes him to see a social conflict. So with the passing of the little struggles of insignificant people, pass the little insignificant rooms in which these struggles took place. Constructivism comes about in Russia not primarily because of any idea of the effectiveness of illustrating the climaxes and rhythms of a play by the use of swings, see-saws, ladders but because drama has burst its bounds.

THE NEW MARRIAGE

Now that the old marriage traditions have loosed their hold, and the companionate marriage become a practically accepted institution, it is good to find that many pairs, whose togetherness is a matter of continuous choice rather than of social or legal compulsion, are so happy together. Perhaps the morality of marriage will eventually depend, not upon the purchase of a three-dollar legal document, but upon the happiness of the pair. Virtue is a compound of Beauty and Joy.

Mrs. Sidney Webb was once asked, at the conclusion of a Fabian lecture, in which she had been outlining the future ideal state, in which everyone would have his fair work and do it gladly:

"Yes, but what would you do with the man who, in spite of all incentives, in spite of all your enticements, refused to work; just refused?"

"Why," said Mrs. Webb, unperturbed, "we'd look at him. Just look at him."

"No," said Mrs. Albert Rhys Williams, who has spent six years in Soviet Russia, and who hopes to return there, "I am not a Communist. Only those are allowed to be Communists who are willing to make the greatest sacrifices. They must live in utter accordance with their convictions. In Russia death is the penalty for the Communist who violates these."

"Therefore only the most earnest idealists are Communists."

Only by intercourse with men and women can we learn anything about life. This involves an active life, not a contemplative one; for unless you do something in the world, you can have no real business to transact with men; and unless you love and are loved, you can have no intimate relation with them. And you must transact business, wirepull politics, discuss religion, give and receive hate, love and friendship with all sorts of people before you can acquire the sense of humanity. If you are to acquire the sense sufficiently to be a philosopher you must do all these things unconditionally.

George Bernard Shaw.

There are today no Communists. But after generations of communism, we shall perhaps produce a Communist. — Lenin.

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Poole—Silent Storms
Roberts—My Heart and My Flesh
Sheehan—Eden
Stephens—Etched in Moonlight
Stern—Debonair
Wister—When West Was West

THE LIBRARY

Many people may not realize that their favorite magazines may be found at the Library; and that with the exception of the current numbers, they may be borrowed. The following is a list of the magazines on the Library tables:

Adventure, American, Asia, Atlantic, Bookman, Century, Country Gentleman, Garden & Home builder, Good Housekeeping, Harpers, House & Garden, House Beautiful, International Studio, Ladies Home Journal, Life, Literary Digest, Living Age, National Geographic, Nature Magazine, Outlook, Popular Mechanics, Radio Broadcast, Review of Reviews, Saturday Evening Post, Scientific American, Scribner's, Sunset, Vogue, Woman's Home Companion, World's Work.

The young people will find: The American Boy, Boy's Life, Child Life, American Girl, Our Animals, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion.

If the demand warrants it others will be added to the list from time to time. Suggestions are always welcomed by the Librarian.

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World News . . .

Senator Norris says, damning (without faint praise) the water-power trust:

"There has never been such a stupendous attempt to undermine the foundations of government and civilized society as the secret machinations of this gigantic monopoly. It is poisoning the minds of youth through the secret control of textbooks in our public schools. It has crept in the back door of State universities and colleges. It has crept into such organizations as the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America. By expenditure of huge sums of money it has undertaken to buy seats in the United States Senate. All this is being exposed by the Federal Trade Commission. And yet the great political parties in their national platforms are silent on the subject."

(And by the bye, the Pacific Gas and Electric's propaganda monthly "Progress" lies on the Carmel Library reading table, between *Outlook* and *The Literary Digest*!)

The recent Mayor of Seattle, Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, in her annual report for '27-'28, marshals some telling facts and figures on the advantage of municipal ownership, which she declares to have proven itself "efficient and successful in practically every field of public utility in Seattle." Seattle owns and operates its own power, light and water system and its street railways. The light and power plant, operating since 1905, ran at a loss for two years, but in the third wiped out the deficit, and has since earned a yearly surplus above all expenses. The average householder pays 2.73 cents per kilowatt hour as against the national average of 6.6; while the water rates are the lowest of any city of more than 200,000 in the United States, with the exception of Chicago, whose rates are the same.

* * * * *
At Seattle this week is held The Institute of International Relations, patterned after the now famous Institute of Williams-town, Mass. The conference, whose winter sessions are held at Riverside, California, has for its purpose discussion, rather than consideration of any set plan of action. In Seattle, emphasis will be laid on problems of the Pacific and the far east, on our relations with the British Empire, on international problems of education, commerce and finance. The League of Nations sends an official delegate, and speakers of prominence in the Orient as well as in America will lead the discussions.

* * * * *
Our policy in South America has provided Japan with convenient arguments for her own interference in Manchuria. The Tokio Asahi says "Japan is contiguous to Manchuria, holds leased territory and manages railways, while her

nationals conduct numerous business enterprises in that region." Therefore Japan must "have recourse to measures which she thinks appropriate and effective" for the purpose of preserving order. But Mr. Kellogg, dexterously sending more marines to Nicaragua with one hand while he signs a Peace Pact with the other, does not like the Japanese version of the American creed.

* * * * *
True to type, the new governor of the Philippines, Henry L. Stimson, in his first address to the Philippine Legislature tells the islanders that "the necessity of encouraging American capital is the fundamental problem of the Philippine islands of today."

* * * * *
Last of all the states, Alabama has finally abolished the leasing out of convicts for contract labor. State farms and road-building camps will now provide work for men who were formerly slaves in privately-owned mines. The evils inherent in this practice carry us back to the Middle Ages, when human life was cheapest. Frightful tales have leaked out of trumped up charges against innocent men, to secure the required labor; of starvation, cruelty and torture practiced upon these helpless wretches. In 1925, Robert Knox, a white convict in Flat-Top mine, near Birmingham, was dipped into a vat of boiling water and scalded to death, for refusal to work. The warden was arrested, tried and—acquitted! But the New York World took up the case and led a three-year's fight to victory.

* * * * *
Another old wrong has been righted by the Jenkins Act, coming into force this month, which gives preference in the immigration quotas to the families of those immigrants who are already in this country.

* * * * *
Ordinarily we do unto others what has been done unto us, but Czechoslovakia, where in 1918 there was not a single Slovak or Ruthenian school maintained by the Hungarian government, has established schools for Magyars and Germans, taught in the native tongue of these 'minority groups,' as well as for Slovaks and Czechs. There is even, in Prague, an English grammar school for English children.

* * * * *
In Persia, one of the raw spots of the far east has been finally healed by the agreement of Great Britain, with other European powers, that foreigners shall henceforth be tried in the Persian civil courts instead of in their own consular courts.

For this concession, so vital to her pride and to her growth, Persia traded her permission to English airships to traverse 'Persian air' on their way to and from India. This was of vital importance to England where, next spring, a weekly air-service, subsidized by the British

Government, will be in operation, from England to India, by way of Egypt.

* * * * *
In Vienna last week, a choral festival in commemoration of Schubert was held. A monster chorus of over 100,000 voices, sent by the Saenger-vereins of Austria, Germany and America, sang to an audience of a hundred thousand, in a hall built especially in the Prater, a hymn to Schubert by Max Springer. Austria further commemorated her great Lieder-composer by issuing a 2-schilling piece, with the head of Schubert on the reverse side.

* * * * *
Ellen Terry, Dowager-Empress of the English stage, is dead at eighty years of age. On the fly-leaf of her favorite Thomas a Kempis she had written "Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness, Yours still, you mine."

—Katherine Parrott Gorringe

The Arts . . .

AN IMPORTANT EXHIBIT

The Henrietta Shore collection of paintings now being shown at the studio of Johan Hagemeyer, is an outstanding contribution to Carmel's artistic attainments for the year.

She is an abstractionist, yes, but for the most part understandable. Some compositions, such as the Bull Fight and Indian Women, are natural subjects that anyone would recognize, but handled with pure simplicity and color.

Indian Women, for instance. The bringing in of hills and clouds gives movement, until the whole composition is a swaying moving mass.

Courage to handle even her simplest subjects on a large scale. Rather breathtaking at the first glance—but satisfying to any one whose vision has been cluttered with an over-abundance of pretty pictures, inoffensive, but unformed, and without dominant note.

In this collection of Shore's one sees a centralizing, a total elimination of unnecessary detail. A pulling-together of forces to give a coherent whole which is the test of a picture.

The work is not naive—not stupidly simple, but it has the simplicity of knowledge and growth.

—Alberte Spratt.

Every picture must have an empty space through which the spectator enters.

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Absurdities . . .

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The advertiser who refuses to pay for his ad for the last three weeks because his middle initial was mis-printed.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

Lieutenant-Commander the Honorable J. M. Kenworthy, Labor member for Hull, has written a book in which he proves conclusively that England and America are drifting into war with each other. In that case, will the teaching of English be tabooed in our public schools? Will Shakespeare be burned by the common hangman and Shelley, Keats and Browning be flung from our libraries? Will we learn that Victoria was a hussy and Coeur-de-lion a pick-pocket? and if our name is King, must we change it to Queen?

Two hostesses of two different evening parties met at nine o'clock of the evening of their parties.

"Whoof!" breathed one, "I've been cutting sandwiches since four o'clock this afternoon."

"Beat you" returned her rival. "I've been making punch since eleven o'clock last night."

THOUGHT-SAVERS

He used to be called Poor Fish; then Babbitt. His chief characteristic is that he says what sounds like thought but is really a thought stopper. These are kept handy by minds that dread the labor of thinking, to ward off demands for mental effort (and yet they completely express the character of the speaker.) We will help these people by printing a weekly list of ready-made thought-savers.

This is the way I look at it: People marry for better or worse. If it's worse they should put up with it uncomplainingly.

* * * *

I'm afraid Duse was not a good woman. I heard something about her and D'Anunzio.

* * * *

If I should get a million suddenly—I'd make out cheques for all my children—Put them all in shape.

* * * *

Well, she wears a wedding ring, but . . .

* * * *

If you would only think, my dear.

* * * *

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